



# The Cracker Man



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## Chapter 1 by OpticWubzerHD

The cracker man was very alone in the days of 85 he needed someone to care for him to love him he cried and cried ever night because he was so sad.

## Chapter 2 by nikkinjg



The cracker man was old and crumbly. The cracker man was stale and dry. The cracker man should of been in someones belly a long time ago.

## Chapter 3 by Criz



But this was not the destiny of The Cracker Man. He knew, burning deep and down in his cracker heart, laid a purpose. A desire to be something more, something beyond his destined life on sick humans nightstands, or crumbling in a bowl of soup. He knew this was not the life he needed to lead.

## Chapter 4 by Joseph Kelly



Numbly fumbling a portrait of his former love, Cheddar Cheese, the fires inside Cracker Man cracked into life.

## Chapter 5 by Criz



It's been over a year since his lover had left him for another cracker. It threw him into a dark and lonely place full of mindless comic books. How could he compete with Rice Crackers, he thought. His mind began to wander down a lonely abyss. He's not as tall dark and handsome as a Cheddar Cheese. He's just a plain old Saltine Cracker. Nothing more, nothing less.

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But today was a new day. No longer was he going to be a slave to his inner fears. No longer will he adhere to the rules of the meek and socially anxious. Today he was going to be productive. Today's the day The Cracker Man shined his shoes, combed his hair, and signed up for Snackr, the hot new dating app for Snacks.

### Chapter 6 by Phantim



However, he find no luck on the Vinder(The dating app for vending machine snacks). Many of the replies he got were heartless and cruel. They made fun of him. He couldn't take it anymore.

Today was the day that the Cracker Man cracked.

### Chapter 7 by Brock Thompson



He couldn't handle it anymore. if he was going to be alone forever, why not end it now? It made no difference. Nobody would care, nobody would notice.

The Cracker Man sat at the edge of the soup bowl, staring at the broth in that enormous bowl for hours...

### Chapter 8 by intellikat



When the time came, the Cracker Man did not hesitate, but with a single movement slipped from the edge and into the deepening red of cream of tomato.

As he began to slip beneath, he felt the warmth of the soup swelling his old and dry body, surging it with a pleasant feeling of comfort and rest. In this, the embrace of death, Cracker Man found some final pleasure. But as the soup reached his neck, he suddenly heard a voice cry from above.

It was Cheddar Cheese!

A bit rougher for time passed, she stood at the precipice of the bowl. Bits of cheese had crumbled from her once smooth body, and even amidst the steamy broth, the Cracker Man felt

he could detect a hint of waiting. Surely this was the body of his former lover, not refrigerated nor eaten.

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The pair were past their prime, but she still looked like a beauty. Cracker Man's belly a long time ago.

Waves of regret and remorse washed over the Cracker Man as the broth crept to his nose. He could not scream out nor find the words to tell Cheddar what filled his heart now. It was too late. He could not swim and the depths of the soup bowl beckoned. He tried to lift an engorged arm but he was too weak.

And then, Cheddar leapt from the edge of the bowl and splashed into the soup beside him. The two clutched foolishly at one another in desperation, fumbling to caress, to find the naughty bits, expose one another's nakedness. The Cracker Man's body flamed to life and he felt something from below. The soup was covering them now and he could feel his lover's body beginning to melt under his touch. Their mouths found one another, their bodies began to fuse into one soggy mass of passion as the ancient workings sprang to life and the two began to copulate in a death embrace beneath the hot creamy broth. From above, one would have seen this commotion disappear beneath the surface, and then nothing but a tiny ring describing the moment of their passage from life to death beneath the surface.

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Uncle Walber lifted the spoon and dipped hungrily into the full bowl. It was a cold November afternoon in the cabin, and this final can of soup would be his sustenance before having to return to the town below for groceries that night.

As he placed the full spoon into his mouth, he was both delighted and surprised to taste what seemed to be... aged cheese. And cracker. The combined taste was crushed to bits in his hungry mouth and he dipped ferociously in once again for another mouthful.

It was the most delicious soup he had ever eaten.

The Cracker Man had found his purpose.

the end

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